

THE CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

DEVOTED TO DOCTRINE, MORALITY, LITERATURE, AND RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE

We are Ambassadors for Christ... Be ye reconciled to God.

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The Christian Ambassador.

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Original.

CONCESSIONS AT THE GRAVE.

BY REV. T. P. ABELL.

"—O the tender ties
Close twisted with the fibres of the heart!
Which broken, break them, and drain off the soul
Of human joy, and make it pain to live."

The impulses of nature often over-leap the prejudices of faith. The human heart has a hope in the sacredness of its affections, larger and mightier than the most generous anticipations of its creed. The unsophisticated selfishness of its love, is more noble than the rigid spiritualism of a limited theory by which it may have been shielded and cultured.

There are moments when the soul does justice to itself. Its subservience to a circumscribed faith is an unjust enthralment of its holiest attributes. It is a self-imposed restriction to the expansiveness of its charities, the compass of its hopes, the measure of its confidence, the warmth and weight of its love. It is a sacrilegious imprisonment of the whole circle of its capabilities and affections and aspirations. While in this condition it often sighs under the heaviness of its unnatural bondage. It would fain take the "wings of a dove" and fly away, and seek its congenial rest in an unbounded "area of freedom." But, a consciousness of the embarrassments under which it labors, is not always felt. In the fresh flush of joy, in the chance-game of business, in the free sunlight of a smiling fortune, in the flattering amenities of religious intercourse, in the complacency of a sanguine self-contemplation, it may make but seldom and ineffectual visits. In other and more unwelcome seasons, it does find more effective opportunities for flashing the severity of its burning reproaches upon the heart. In the solemn hush of midnight wakefulness and thought; in the outbreak of unexpected sorrow, in the sad monitions and discipline of disease, in the gathering death-dew upon the brow of the loved and leaned on, will the soul struggle to rise above the meshes of its delusion, the littleness of its faith, and assert its kinship to God and all goodness. At such moments, when it feels its impotency, and the intensity of its desolation, will it tear itself away from the falsehoods and futilities which had before fashioned its moods of faith and feeling, and publish the tardy awards of an honorable self-justice.

A few months since, I mingled with a large circle of mourners around a fresh-made grave. The day was one of the loveliest of the varied year—in the very heart of a mellow Indian summer season—diffusing afar the chastened richness of a golden glory, and half-kindling autumnal melancholy into spring-time hope. The coffin was lowered into the waiting vault. It contained the lifelessness of one who had nearly numbered his four-score years. Through the greater portion of his life, he had professed and liberally patronized the most rigid form of the Calvinistic religion. But the experiences of his heart, and the assiduities of a stern and triumphant reason, induced a signal change in his religious convictions, giving him, for the exclusiveness of sovereign election,

the amplitude and impartiality of free grace. Of his numerous family, there were none who, in this particular, followed his example. Three of his daughters had married clergymen of his former faith. But their differences in sentiment seemed to have occasioned no interruptions of friendly feeling between him and his clerical connections. He received their expostulations in kindness, and repaid them with argument. Grateful for their warnings, as indications of interested affection, he still preserved the integrity of his convictions, and relied upon the divine word as the basis and authority of his hopes. Before departing, he desired that a clergyman whose religious views and sympathies were akin to his own, might attend his obsequies and minister solace to his surviving relatives. His wishes, in this respect, were observed; but it was very proper that the senior of the sons-in-law, of whom I have spoken, should offer some concluding remarks at the grave of the deceased. He did so; and he was heard with no inconsiderable degree of interest. We all knew his faith, and the faith of the dead. We knew that, were he to follow the general practice of his people or the exactions of his creed, he would give us but a meagre hope; nay, no hope, but the agony of fear in its stead.

He spoke with great feeling, and, I think, in the honesty of his convictions. The bereaved remembrances of his heart, his sympathies for the living, and his hopes for the departed, would permit him to offer none other than words of comfort and peace. He could not, he said, shut his eyes to the fact, that our lamented friend differed widely from himself in the mere matter of faith; but it was the temper of heart which we cherished, rather than what we believed, that rendered us acceptable to God. On this ground there was hope for one who was honestly in error. On the other hand, one who had embraced the truth, but whose "faith was as clear and cold as a December night," had no superiority of chances for salvation. Indeed, the reverse was to be feared. We might therefore safely indulge the hope that it was well with our friend.

A scene so solemn, might seem to forbid the intimations of religious fastidiousness; but it were quite impossible for me to avoid regarding these concessions as important and noteworthy.

They were concessions at the grave. In the pulpit, under ordinary circumstances, the expression of similar sentiments had been less probable. Such admissions in the lenities of christian friendship and association, were hardly to be expected. They go quite beyond the authorized latitude of religious charity. The common exigencies of life but seldom call them forth. The spontaneous movement of the heart towards christian liberality, is under a discipline too lynx-eyed and authoritative to admit of their frequent utterance. We must not forget the boundaries of our allotted sphere of thought and feeling. Our paths are marked, and we may march only in them. Our steps are dogged, and we too betides us if we tread on forbidden ground. The multitude of instrumentalities with which we are industriously plied, ordinarily serve to keep us in requisite seeming; but we sometimes—half-unconsciously, it may be—frown defiance at the profane guardianship, and utter ourselves like men. Occasionally, Providence helps us to this unaccustomed self-acquittal. If, in its mysterious wisdom, we are gathered beside the grave of the cherished dead, the stricken affection of the heart triumphantly pleads for what the faith of the mind denies, and cannot grant with-

out unsanctioned violence to its most essential principles. —The grave preaches charity.

They were concessions of the heart. In such an hour, abstractions are not in great demand. Speculation mocks and outrages the affectionate sensibilities of the soul. Argument weighs not against the readier deductions of love. The heart has a logic of its own, and it asks for no other. It came from heaven, and heaven will justify its merciful conclusions. It will refute creeds, defy synods, and trample on the bans of sect. Why should it not? It knows no creed but love, no authority but truth, no restrictions but the outward bounds of the union. From the mysteries of life and the mysteries of death, it evolves light, hope, immortality. The question,—"If a man die, shall he live again?"—if the hearts truer affections and sympathies are interested in the inquiry, is settled at once and forever. God poured not so much love into the heart, only that it might sleep amid the corruptions of the tomb. Such a fatality cannot befall it. It would rise with the objects to whom it has wedded its everlasting fulness, from the shadows of death to the effulgence of heaven. Divine inspiration teaches human faith not to "mourn without hope." But human love has an inspiration of its own, and beholds the brightness of paradise through the mist of its tears. Better that the divine sanction should be superadded, for then its griefs shall be the more satisfactorily assuaged. But change that sanction to a creed, and the heart may well do without it. In this form, it may anathematise all who are not its patrons; but the heart, when bereavement has quickened its sympathies, will turn carelessly from its proscriptive bidding, and render to those a palm of glory upon whose graves faith would plant the stigma of scorn.—To mourn, is to behold a larger heaven.

Such concessions would save the race. The links of human love reach around the world. The pledges of immortality, the guarantees of redemption, are inwoven with the very texture of the soul. Human benevolence would throw the robe of glory over the lowest child of God. The threads of affection, the ties of nature, the ministers of Providence, have so cemented the race, that no prejudice, or policy, or sectarianism can tear it asunder. The proclamation of a soul to be lost, would marshal legions of redeemers to the mount of Crucifixion. Atone-ments were without number, and free as the tenderness with which God has softened the human spirit. Every death-bed would prophesy immortal life. Every grave would utter hopes of heaven. And among all the vast myriads of men, no outcast wanderer could be found, of whom Love should not say,—He is mine, and God's, and must live forever!

Middletown, Conn.

CHRISTIAN NURTURE

Some months since we noticed certain Discourses then recently published by Dr. Bushnell, of the North Congregational Society, Hartford, in which he advanced sentiments on the important subject of "Christian Nurture," quite novel and extraordinary for one of his denomination. His theory is, that the child is to grow up a christian. In other words, the aim, effort, and expectation should be, not as is commonly assumed, that the child is to grow up in sin, to be converted when he comes to mature age, but that he is to open on the world as one that is spiritually renewed, not remembering the time when he went through a technical experience, but seemed rather to have loved what is good from his earliest years. It was to be expected, that views so much at variance with what Congregationalism has heretofore taught on this subject, would soon call forth a protest from some of the Dr's. brethren.

In a Postscript to the Letter of which we have spoken, the author says, "it was read at the late annual meeting of the North Association of Hartford County. The brethren expressed their unanimous approbation of it, and requested that it might be published."—*Calender.*

A CONSIDERATION FOR THE HAPPINESS OF OTHERS.

BY REV. A. G. LAURIE.

The great Apostle in his affecting and farewell address to the Elders of the Ephesian Church, tells us that our Master once declared it "More blessed to give than to receive." The saying is true, not only as to the bestowal of that which is necessary to the sustenance of the body, but equally so of those duties, courtesies, and amenities, which enhance, which constitute, indeed, the happiness of social life.

Our mutual dependance, which prompts to the formation of society, is also, doubtless, the source of many of its peculiar pleasures. We have but to reflect a moment, to be aware of how largely indebted we are to the social state for the great majority of our temporal comforts. It supplies our tables, ministers in a thousand ways to our bodily convenience, protects our life and property, presents us objects to occupy our affections, our interests, our very time—time which hangs so heavily on the solitary, and, therefore, indolent savage—feeds our intellectual wants, and diffuses a humanizing cheerfulness over our whole existence; multiplies our desires, it is true, but refines and satisfies them also, and so, enlarging the sphere of our bodily and mental activity, augments incalculably the circle of our enjoyments. Thus our very individual feebleness, and dependence on each other, urging us into communities, is the occasion, if not the cause, of much of the pleasure of our existence; so much of it, at least, as we derive from the benefits society confers upon us. It is blessed to receive, but considering the source whence our pleasure springs, we detect it to be one of selfishness. The wretch, unable to obtain a livelihood by his own exertions, who is hospitably housed and fed by some good Samaritan, while devouring his daily meal, and rejoicing in the comforts provided for him, does, no doubt, experience a great deal of gratification, is blessed in receiving; but this, considered apart from any grateful emotion he may feel, is very plainly a gratification arising altogether from the satisfaction of a selfish principle of his nature. And so with the pleasure imparted to us by the thousand benefits society confers on us. It is because, dependent as we are upon our fellows, the social state protects us, ministers to our wants and satisfies our affections, that we are blessed in receiving. The dog, on the same principle, loves his Master, and so far, our pleasure is on a par with his. Yet how many rest contented with this low quality of happiness. How many of us make *our own* pleasure, the gratification of our own interests, the sole aim of our purposes and exertions. How many of us strive constantly and eagerly to *obtain* from society all we can, never dreaming, seemingly, that society has reciprocal claims on us. It is wisely ordered, that so long as we labor, within the limits of literal honesty, even while selfishly pursuing our own interests alone, we must unintentionally, to some extent, benefit our fellow men. The most hardened niggard, if barely honest, cannot sell an ounce of coffee, or a yard of cloth, intending to benefit himself exclusively, but he does, involuntarily, benefit society also. But no happiness accrues to him therefor. He intends no generosity and, of course, he receives not the reward of generosity. The blessedness of receiving, then, is at least but a selfish pleasure. Better is it to give.

Did you ever plan a party of pleasure, days, weeks, beforehand, and with every preparation made, wait impatiently for the arrival of the holiday, go forth to the scene of amusement, to meet with obstructions and disappointment, and return jaded, weary and fretting, crying, "Vanity, vanity, and vexation of spirit?" And yet you had opportunity and means enough of amusement, through the course of the long summer day, if you

and but availed yourself of them. The obstacles lay not in the external world but within you. You expected too much, and your expectations were all selfish. It was you who were to be happy. You were resolved to seek pleasure for yourself. You thought little of the happiness of others, and all your endeavors were, not to contribute to their pleasure, but to secure your own. Had you gone cheerfully and zealously to work to please others, by sedulous attention to their comfort, by deferring your wishes and subordinating your purposes to theirs, by patiently and pleasantly endeavoring, for their sakes, to smoothe away the little annoyances that will at such times occur, in short, to do your duty as a Christian, even in your amusement, by loving your neighbor as yourself, happiness would have come to you unasked, and walked by your right hand, and filled your bosom with cheerfulness the live-long day, and glided to your chamber at night to congratulate you on time well spent, and scattered pleasant reflections on your pillow, and with gentle pressure sealed your eyelids in the sweet sleep earned by a day of active goodness. Just so in your intercourse with the world. Let us above all things seek our own gratification, cater for our own interests, and endeavor to press every thing to our own advantage, and it is quite possible we may succeed in achieving all the aims we promise ourselves, save one, but that one is true and satisfactory happiness. That is something the selfish man, who would receive all, and give nothing, must never know. Let us, on the other hand, cultivate the spirit of Christian courtesy, stand prepared to give, to yield rather than to exact, to surrender our will to that of others, to consult the feelings, and gratify the wishes of our fellows, and that not for the sake of the reward—for even here selfishness intrudes,—but because we know, and delight to do our duty—in doing to others as we would they would do to us; and so surely as God has uttered it, we shall find it more blessed to give than to receive, for he has beneficently so constituted us, that in seeking others' happiness we find our own, whereas in striving solely for our own, we lose the glare, the sparkle, the living element that gives all its freshness, and sanctity, and beauty, to enjoyment.

Again, it is blessed to give: yet not for the sake of the blessing should we give. This is the subtlest form in which selfishness assails us, prompting us to our duty for the hire bestowed. Many a time when about to bestow a good action, to yield our preferences to others, to confer a favor, to do something to add to the bodily convenience or spiritual comfort of those about us, let us look sharply within, and we shall find there, prompting us, an expectation of the reward to follow.

In the course of professional duty, while journeying to an appointment, I once suddenly found myself in the midst of a scene of great natural beauty. Sloping up-lands retreated on the right and on the left from the road, on the one side covered with cultivated verdure, on the other with natural woodland, through whose dark foliage, at glittering intervals, gleamed the slanting rays of the setting sun, upon a winding brook, whose waters were lost, now partially revealed, at last swept away, invisible to the eye, but still murmuring audibly on their onward course. I returned a few weeks afterwards with high expectations of again enjoying so fair a specimen of the beauty of the Creator's handiwork, but from what cause, I know not, the same spirit of loveliness presided there no more. It is so in actual life. Let us quietly pursue the path of duty, our main aim, the good of others, constantly in view, and many an unexpected scene of loveliness, and many an unbidden emotion of joy, will surprise and delight us by the way; but let us set forth with the express expectation and intention of making these the chief objects of our journey, and the freshness and the splendor "fade into the light of common day." I do not say that a consideration of the blessing consequent upon good deeds, should be exclud-

ed from the mind of the disciple of Christ. Though it should never be the motive prompting to the performance of duty, it is right that the thought of it should lend cheerfulness to that performance; but I do say he, who acts righteously, because of the reward alone, appreciates not the highest, the Christian motive to virtue, and receives an inferior recompense, to that of the man acting, irrespectively of the reward, in obedience to duty. When Christ commands us to love the Lord our God, and our neighbor, he does not induce us by the promise of reward, though well we know, nor are we expected to forget, that the reward will be ours by compliance. He simply announces the command, leaving us to fulfil it because it is our duty to do so. It is blessed to give the heart to God, the life-fraught and fragrant beneficence and charity, to man. But he who gives merely for the sake of the blessing, be his offerings magnificent as Solomon's at the Temple dedication, like the Pharisee of old, "verily he hath his reward; while he who, from pure love to man and allegiance to God, pours forth a blessing on a brother, or surrenders a cherished purpose there to secure another's weal, prefers an offering, which like that of Elijah of old, God will own and know, by living fire from heaven, consecrating as his chosen altar, the heart whence such a sacrifice ascends.

Erie, Penn., July, 1848.

Original.

CIRCULATE THE TRACTS.

While on a visit to Brooklyn some weeks since, I called on a friend, and in passing out of the door observed a bundle of tracts lying on a small shelf. "Why Br., said I, some of your children have been carrying your tracts out of the room." Oh! no, replied he, they are placed there purposely for free distribution, for convenience &c. Then thought I, that is the true idea, Br. has hit upon it. He is determined to return good for evil, truth for error, to give his tracts to all those zealous distributors of orthodox tracts, who call at his door. Certainly he is right. He has the true missionary spirit. And now should not all our people follow the example? There are a great many persons who call upon us, with the best of intentions, ask us to receive their tracts. Can we do better than reciprocate their kindness? Certainly not. Then, brothers and sisters have your tracts convenient at the door, or on a table, or some place that you can readily hand them out as opportunity occurs. And further, this summer, many of us will travel considerably on steamboats, &c. &c., and it is a very good plan to take a few of these small, cheap publications, in illustration of our faith, and distribute them wherever we go. Leave them in Steamboats, take them in the country and give them to our friends, thus shall subserve the cause of truth and righteousness.

Newark, N. J.

Original.

JOSEPH AND CHRIST.

BY REV. G. W. MONTGOMERY.

What a noble study these two personages present us. The first Joseph, warm with affection, strong with unwavering virtue, great in wisdom, overcoming evil with good, divine in forgiveness, with unbounded confidence in the goodness of God's government. The second Joseph, unspotted in character, armed with love whose steady light neither suffering nor death could dim, constantly laboring for the good of man, unfolding truth fresh from heaven, and overcoming death to become "the first born from the dead." What lessons are here for growth in faith and virtue.

Rochester, N. Y.

Original.

THE GREAT ONES OF EARTH.

BY J. V. P. *****

The blood thrills within us when we peruse the records of the great deeds that have been achieved upon the field of battle. Of the warrior whose own hand has smitten down an hundred armed foes; who has led the vanguard into the heart and fierceness of the conflict; who was the first to scale the rampart, and who jumped singly and alone into the midst of the enemy—clearing a space around that his followers might ascend more safely; of all this, and more too, have we read of with admiration and envy. The soldier may be brave, and his bravery may carry him into the thickest of the fight, and into the midst of the foe, and whether he come out alive or not, men will call him great. But to call such great is to err sadly—truly to err. They are not great, for they serve their own selfish purposes, they would rather die than to be called cowards. To them life is dignified by the epithets of great and brave.

But, though mere conflicts upon the field of battle cannot make a man great, a soldier *may* be great. He is great when he takes up a right cause and is resolved to defend it to the death; great, when in struggling for a noble purpose, he goes on fearlessly to the contest. But the title of "true greatness" is not to be gained alone on the battle field. No! But it is to be gained also, in meliorating the condition of humanity. In private life as well as in public; to one of small means, if he does his utmost, as to one of large. The rich man gives a sumptuous entertainment; pays large sums of gold for things which please the sight and sickens the system. And around him how many there are who are absolutely in want of every thing to make life meanly comfortable, who are driven to rob, perhaps *even him*, in order to obtain for a moment a little bread to appease their hunger. He wakes up in the morning after a night's debauch with swollen face and blood shot eyes and miserably drags himself about. What to him are the beauties of the sunny morn, and the gay warbling of the birds, and the gladness and the freshness of nature? Nothing.

The effects of the wine cup, sicken him and make him old before his time. Oh! if his soul could only be aroused to the great deeds of the mighty ones of the past—Of the philanthropists of all ages, who have toiled and struggled for the race, and imprint upon his banner the motto, "I am going to do likewise." Oh! if he would do this, what a happy man would he be; not the sickened slave of the senses and of lust! but the preserver of a conscience that will say to him joyously: "Well done thou good and faithful servant." And with the glorious thought that the crown of immortality awaits him beyond the grave. No! renowned leader—brave soldier—ambitious statesman! Ye are not the truly great of earth. He is a great man who struggles as Howard struggled for bettering the condition of his kind. And truly, Howard on his great mission of mercy and benevolence—visiting the dungeons of foreign lands, penetrating the awful walls of the inquisition, relieving the poor and the oppressed, and the sick; or, in his own happy village home, or in the prisons of his own soil, was a truly greater man than Alexander after he had conquered the world, and sighed to think he had no more battles to fight or lands to govern.

Socrates was a great man. Not so much so when calmly drinking the hemlock, as when battling with meanness and superstition, and struggling through darkness for the light. He was a great man—the miner's son. Greater was that man who fearlessly exposed the wickedness and oppression of the established church, and, despite the maledictions of the Papal See, advanced his opinions and promulgated his doctrines for the sake of mankind, than he, with his faithful few, who

would rather die on the plains of Marathon than fly—become prisoners to the Persian—Do you call him who sprang from a barbarous nation, and over the wreck of nature and his kind, mounted on a throne built by him on the ruins of a mighty empire. Do you call him greater than one who struggles for the welfare of his fellow mortals, who visits the abode of vice and poverty that he may rescue all whom he can, and prepare the soul for death.

The philanthropists, the benefactors of all ages, who have toiled for the advancement of their fellows, are, far, greater and better than the mightiest hero who with an army at his back, has achieved the greatest wonders the mind can conceive. Marching over wood land, river, or desert, sacking the most impregnable fortress, and leaving in his rear nothing but smouldering ruins and barren fields.

If ye would be great, if ye would have your name transmitted to posterity, pure and unblemished, study the lives of such men as Paul and Howard, and as far as ye are capable, "Go thou and do likewise," and in death ye shall have your reward.

Original.

WAR.

BY MISS. LAURA EGGLESTON.

Dark Genius! The earth's scourge! in carnage delighting,

Thy plumes sanguinary, are dripping with gore;

Stern foemen obeying thy lost, are inditing,

With steely pen, lines, to the heart's inmost core!

Before thy red alar, earth's millions have fallen;

Their death-sighs have blent with thy organs of dread;

The high diapason, from dire cannon swelling,

Has burst o'er the pale warrior's low, gory bed!

For heights of Ambition, and Fame's brilliant palace,

O'er oceans of blood, earth's noblest have sailed:

But woe! to the conquest—there's death in the chalice!

And loudly the widow and orphan have wailed!

Foul monster insatiate! So soulless—cruel!

Life's fine purple streams hast wasted in vain:

And given to humanity's sons a swift fuel,

For Hate to feed on her malevolent train!

Avant thee, forever! thou blood thirsty Demon!

Thy mouth streaming lava, is needed no more:

'Tis time that a nation of Christians and freemen,

The Father of mercy and peace should adore!

Blest Father! How long shall a free, happy nation,

That boasts of Christianity's glorious seal,

Degrade their sublime and responsible station,

And bear to the enemy Wars crimson steel?

O! tune every spirit to peace's holy numbers,

And let altercations no more see to war:

In the deep halls of silence, make hatred to slumber,

And the glad notes of amity ring round and far.

Thy ancient bard warbled of peace's happy mission;

And cidevant seer of her beautiful train:

And all their predictions, a grand consummation,

Shall find in Immandal's glorious reign!

Then war's crimson standard shall vanish forever,

Oblivion's waters shall roll o'er his trail:

Sublime golden era! True knowledge will cover

The earth; and Truth, Friendship and Love shall prevail!

German, N. Y.

Original.

FIRST UNIVERSALIST CHURCH,

ERECTED, A. D., 1846.

This inscription may be seen on a neat brick edifice, erected by the Universalist Society in Plattsburgh, and dedicated for a house in which to worship the one only living and true God. The house has not only a fine appearance, but the advantage, also, of a pleasant and convenient location. I was pained though, to find, on examination, that internally it was not yet finished; that it had stood for more than a year without any thing being done to it. The inscription therefore deceived me. On inquiry, however, I learned that a small sum, not exceeding \$150, would finish it.

Where can this sum be raised? It can be raised among our religious friends in Plattsburgh. Why has not been done and the church completed? Several reasons might be given, among the most prominent of which, is: that the Society has been destitute of a pastor for a year or more. There is no one to go ahead, (I use a homely phrase.) It is believed that if some young, enterprising, and promising Minister, would go to Plattsburgh, give out an appointment that he would preach there in the Court-House, and say that he had come to stay, &c., he would at once be the means of having the Church finished and dedicated to its professed object; and would then find himself in the midst of an interesting field of labor.

Plattsburgh is a large village, containing several thousand inhabitants, and is delightfully situated on Lake Champlain. It is a place well noted in the history of the American Revolution. A religious revolution is much needed there just now, and a religious awakening; who is there that will lead on in the way? Let him go there and begin the work.

Troy, July, 1848.

W. H. WAGGONER.

THE BIBLE.

The Bible is the treasure of the poor, the solace of the sick, and the support of the dying; and while other books may amuse and instruct in a leisure hour, it is the peculiar triumph of that book to create light in the midst of darkness, to alleviate the sorrow which admits of no other alleviation, to direct a beam of hope to the heart, which no other topic of consolation can reach; while guilt, despair, and death, vanish at the touch of its holy inspiration. There is something in the spirit and diction of the Bible which is found peculiarly adapted to arrest the attention of the plainest and most uncultivated minds. The simple structure of its sentences, combined with a variety of poetry—its familiar allusions in the scenes of nature, and the transactions of common life—the delightful intermixture of narration with the doctrinal and preceptive parts—and the profusion of miraculous facts, which convert it into a sort of enchanted ground—its constant advertence to the Deity, whose perfections it renders almost visible and palpable—unite in bestowing upon it an interest which attaches to no other performance, and which, after assiduous and repeated perusal, invests with much of the charm of novelty; like the great orb of day, at which we are wont to gaze with unabated astonishment from infancy to old age. What other book besides the Bible could be heard in public assemblies from year to year, with an attention that never tires, with an interest that never cloy? With a few exceptions, let a portion of the sacred volume be recited in a mixed multitude, and though it has been heard a thousand times, a universal stillness ensues, every eye is fixed, and every ear is awake and attentive. Select, if you can, any other composition, and let it be rendered equally familiar to the mind, and see whether it will produce this effect.—*Hall.*

Original.

THE PRESENT AGE.

BY REV. G. COLLINS.

We often boast of the present age and point proudly to the triumphant signs of the times. And we admit that our mechanical improvements and facilities for transportation, our numerous opportunities for acquiring information, and the acknowledged supremacy of intellectual and moral power over brute force, the feebleness of despotic institutions, and the controlling influence of the masses exalt this generation above all its predecessors. But whence these advantages? To whom are we indebted for these privileges? Are they the results of our own exertions?—the results of our own toil, faithfulness and energy? Or is not the present condition of the world the effect of all past ages? Can a single improvement, in any department of life, be pointed out, for which we are not indebted, either directly, or indirectly, to preceding generations? We think the thoughts of those giant men, who shone like pillars of fire in the darkness of heathen antiquity, and on many subjects repeat arguments and advocate opinions which had their birth in the dim twilight of civilization. The voice of freedom speaks to us from Thermopylae, Marathon and Marston. We boast of the printing press, and are able to appreciate its worth. But should we have the printing press if the Alphabet had not been invented near a thousand years ago. In one word we have received the rudiments of Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry, Astronomy, Medicine, Philosophy, Morality, and Religion from the Egyptians, Chaldeans, Greeks, Arabians and Jews. We may have advanced further than they, but still they discovered and pointed out the path. Thus the light of the present day is composed of rays thrown off by a thousand different suns. And

"On our way, behold they roll,
To heaven's high capital, our car they roll,
The temple of the power which all obey,
That is the mark all tend to, for the soul,
Can take no lower flight and seek no meaner goal!"

Hudson, July, 1848.

PREACHING.

Our preaching ought to be above the rate of moral philosophers. Our divine orator should fetch, not only his speculations and notions, but his materials for practice, from the evangelical writings; this he must do, or else he is no minister of the New Testament.

Dr. E. Edwards.

AWFUL SCENE.—A day or two ago we saw a woman raving with the delirium tremens. She was young, handsome, and a mother. An uncontrollable passion for intoxicating drinks soon made a hell of a once happy home; drove a kind hearted husband and father to despair and death, and brought the wretched mother and her two young boys to the degradation of public shame and street beggary. Her ravings were terrible. She fancied herself a fiend in perdition, compelled by a superior power of darkness to thrust her children into fierce flames, and hold them there till their bodies were burned to a crisp! Her description of what she saw in her madness, and of what she fancied she was obliged to do, were awful and indescribable. Occasionally the wretched being would fly to the farthest corner of the room, uttering piercing screams of agony, and pressing the palms of her hands over her eyes in a vain attempt to shut out the horrid spectacle presented to her distorted vision. Then, as if impelled by an irresistible power, she would rush forward, clutching wildly at what she thought were her children, and with loud outcries, plunging them again and again in the furnace of fire, mingling horrid curses and imprecations with the most touching and fervent prayers. This hallucination haunted the miserable creature long after she was rendered powerless by the restraints of the strait jacket, and was succeeded by others, even more terrible in character, and too shocking for detail, which continued until death closed the scene.—*Albany Exp.*

THE CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

New-York:

SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1848.

S. C. BULKELEY & CO., PUBLISHERS.

SUBSCRIBERS TO THE GOSPEL MISSIONARY.

On the 26th of this month, the subscribers of the Gospel Missionary, will have received the 13 numbers of our paper, to which they were entitled by the transfer. All who wish to become regular subscribers, are requested to give us notice before the issue of our 42d number. Post Masters, if requested, will give the notice, and send the money, without any charge. It will be seen by a reference to our terms, that the Messenger is \$2, in advance, and the Ambassador \$2.50, in advance. Attention to this request will save us expense and trouble.

We hope that all who have taken the Missionary, will become subscribers to one of our papers. Br. Palmer has sunk a large sum of money by his earnest endeavors to aid our cause, and he has no chance of being saved from great loss, unless his subscribers take either the Messenger or the Ambassador. We give Br. Palmer a percent. on all who take either of our papers. We ask, therefore, every person who desires one of them, to signify the same by forwarding the subscription to this office, before the 26th of this month.

Those in Philadelphia, who receive their papers by a carrier, can pay to the Agent, Br. James L. Gibon, 36 Market-st.

TROY—DR. BEMAN—NEW LEBANON CONFERENCE.

Troy is one of the most beautiful cities in the United States. Being situated upon the noble Hudson, and surrounded by a rich farming country, its location is very delightful. Its streets are wide and strait, and finely shaded by handsome and thrifty trees. The houses are built with taste, and many of them are rich and costly. Near the centre of the city is a very handsome park, on one side of which stands the Church of the somewhat celebrated Dr. Beman. He is extensively known by the part he acted in the famous New Lebanon Convention, and the revivals which that Convention was convened to discuss.

The Universalist Society of Troy, to which we had the pleasure of preaching a few Sundays since, on exchange with Br. Waggoner, is in a good condition. The debt on the Church is so far reduced, that a house owned by the Society, pays nearly all the interest. There is a good degree of union and zeal among the members, and their prospects are encouraging. Their Church is pleasantly located, in a good street, and in the central part of the city. It is large, well finished, and furnished with a very good organ. There is a convenient lecture room in the basement, which is used for the Sabbath School, social meetings, and a day school. Great praise is due to Br. Waggoner for his untiring exertions, to have the debt of the Society paid. He has labored for this object, with a zeal and perseverance worthy of all praise. We were much pleased with the appearance of the congregation, its character and numbers. We cannot see why the Society in Troy, should not become one of our largest and most influential Societies. We most heartily wish it and its devoted Pastor, abundant success.

As the Society has meetings only in the afternoon and evening, we embraced the opportunity which was offered, to hear Dr. Beman in the morning. His Church was about two thirds filled, and with a listless audience. When he named his text, great numbers assumed the most easy attitude they could find for repose, and were soon, apparently, in a very quiet sleep. The Doctor's Sermon occupied about an hour,

and the first half was dry and tedious. It was delivered without notes, and we should judge without due preparation. The latter half was more concise, pointed and spirited. The leading doctrine of the sermon we liked much, and we doubt seriously whether the Dr. would be willing to abide by his own position. He advocated controversy, and said that no man should be unwilling to have his opinions questioned. We like this idea, and if the Dr. is willing to enter into a discussion of his creed, he shall have access to the columns of our paper.

The manner of Dr. Beman is very quiet. He speaks slowly, and deliberately, and well, with the exception of cutting his sentences into half yards, and throwing in too many words where they do not belong—an indistinct sound of *nas heene* for *heed*. He exhibited none of that fire for which he was so remarkable in the days of his revival glory. He was the coadjutor of Finney, in those wild excitements which electrified the Northern and Western part of this State, and which called forth the earnest remonstrances of Dr. Beecher and some of his brethren in Massachusetts. The differences were so great, and the measures of Finney and Beman so extravagant, that a Convention was called at New Lebanon, to consider the true method of getting up revivals. The leading revivalists were there in all the heat of excitement—Finney, Beman, Beecher, Nettleton and Aiken, with their swords for the contest. The meeting was stormy, and its spirit bitter and angry. There was the Western party, with Finney and Beman at the head, and the New England, or moderate party, under the guidance of Dr. Beecher, then of Boston. After a long and exciting debate, in which, as one writer says, "mutual jealousy and hate were but thinly disguised under the awful name of religion and a disgusting parade of devotional exercises," the Conference broke up, with no question amicably settled, and no more unity of feeling than when it began. There was only one thing in which there seemed to be any agreement, and that was, that revivals might do more hurt than good. For a considerable time after the conference, the warfare was kept up through the press. Dr. Beecher published some severe letters on the new measures, and to a sermon which he delivered in this city, he gave the following title, "Resources of the adversary," in which he sets down corrupting revivals as one resource, and thus adroitly charges his brethren with being agents of the devil. Things kept growing worse and worse, till at last the Clergy agreed to bury the war axe, and live in peace.

Standing, as we do, amid the clear and calm light of the present day, when those new measures are universally discarded, how ridiculous and shameful appear the parts which these men acted! They had invented methods for getting up revivals, which they impiously declared were the work of the Lord. The different leaders, in their desire for glory, were determined to have their measures adopted! They fought for them with desperation, and in their contest violated all the holiest rules of religion! Neither party would yield, and at last they found that there was only one way to stop the evil they had caused, and that was by letting each other alone! Holy men, these! Meek and gentle disciples of the lowly Jesus!

How stand these men now in regard to their favorite measures? Finney has repudiated his measures and his theology, and become a moderate man. Dr. Beman is a staid preacher, and goes quietly along in his work. And Dr. Beecher has not for years been heard of in a revival campaign! And now the very things which Universalists were bitterly denounced for saying, those who thought revivals were the rich outpourings of the spirit, are daily saying. Thus it ever will be with the inventions of men! They will live for a day, and then be cast aside as a curse!

Mr. Beman seems to retain his hatred of Universalists. In his sermon we heard, he had a low fling at them, which came from a bad grace from an old man, about to lay aside his arms, and give up his watch-tower. The fling was as unmanly as unchristian, and must have excited a deep regret in the mind of every honorable hearer.

REPLY TO HALL AGAINST UNIVERSALISM.

The Partialist presses are constantly employed in printing attacks against Universalism. Though the doctrine has been repeatedly declared to be exploded, run down, run out, twice dead, our opposers are still uniring in assailing it. Why should we spend so much time in fighting an enemy, that is already extinguished, is more than we can imagine. This dead enemy seems to annoy them more than living enemies. Their warfare is not like that of military warriors. When they kill an enemy, they usually rush on to others; but these spiritual warriors are not content to kill; they fight their enemy after he is dead and buried! Do they fear his resurrection? or do they think that he is not quite dead? The fact is, their numerous publications show, how insincere they are, in describing the condition and prospects of Universalism. Were they half as bad as is represented, it would not be so violently and constantly opposed.

We have been led to these remarks by the appearance of a work, published by Br. E. Manford, of Indianapolis, and written by J. Henry Jordon, M. D., in reply to a work by Alexander Hall.

Mr. Hall, thinking that Universalism was not entirely dead, that he should give it a finishing blow. He therefore, with much labor, and all the ability, learning, sophistry and misrepresentation he could command, prepared a book against it.

When he had finished it he pronounced it very good. He was delighted with his production, and proclaimed to the world, that Universalism was annihilated. In his self-conceit, he boasted of having done a great thing, and seemed to think himself deserving of the everlasting gratitude of the world! What a change will come over him when he peruses this reply. Here, he will see every foundation of endless misery which he had laid, ground to dust, every pillar in his temple, crumbled to atoms, and every brace broken into fragments, and the whole fabric swept away. We never read a work which more completely annihilated an opponent, than this one before us. Our author has a mind singularly clear and of giant strength. He is thoroughly acquainted with the Scriptures, and his reasoning and criticisms show him to be well fitted for the work he undertook.

We do not employ these strong terms of commendation, in consequence of personal friendship for the author. He is an entire stranger to us; we never even heard of him till the appearance of his work. Neither do we speak thus strongly, because of any peculiar harmony of the author's views with our own, for we are not prepared to assent to all his positions. He may be right; we do not affirm that he is not in every particular; but we are not ready to endorse all he has said. There is enough however, in his work, which we are ready to endorse, to refute every argument ever urged against the salvation of all men. His preface is modest and frank; his introduction appropriate and able; and the body of his work correct in its statements of doctrines, forcible in its illustrations, strong in its arguments, and comprehensive in its reasonings. The author begins by showing the utter fallacy of the common Arminian doctrine of conditions, explains the promise made to Abraham, and shows that it will have its fulfilment in the resurrection of all men from the dead. He next takes up the proof texts of Universalism examined by Mr. Hall; and while he cheerfully allows that some do not sustain the

doctrine, he proves that there are enough which do. The third chapter is upon the resurrection of the dead, the fourth upon the coming of the Son of man, and the fifth upon the judgment. We shall, in a short time favor our readers with a few extracts from this work. We will close by saying, though tolerably well printed, and on fair paper, it ought to have an index of subjects. Such an index, got up in the style of the one in Br. Whittemore's work on the Apocalypse, would add greatly to the value of the book.

O. A. S.

THE WRATH OF GOD.

To hear some ministers speak of God's wrath, we should suppose that he is infinitely furious, and that his wrath is kindled into an infinite storm. They represent him as having wrath like that of the maddened beast, as being hardly able to prevent it from bursting out in its fearful ruin upon those awaiting their awful doom! Because the Bible speaks of his *fierce wrath*, and the *wine of his wrath*, they give him a greater resemblance to the enraged and hungry tiger, than the righteous Father of the world.

The fallacy of their ideas will be seen by considering: 1. That such wrath implies change, and as God is unchangeable he cannot be wrathful in this manner. 2. That such wrath is sinful, and cannot exist in the bosom of a holy being. 3. That such wrath is cruel, and cannot be cherished by a God of love and mercy. By the wrath of God, the inspired writers can mean only his displeasure and his determination to punish sinners. These are called wrath, not with reference to any want of kindness or compassion on the part of God, but with reference to the sufferings of the sinner when enduring his just punishment. God is never wrathful as men are; he never punishes in hatred. God, then, can never inflict endless misery, for that can be the work only of vindictive wrath.

O. A. S.

IRELAND'S WELCOME TO THE STRANGER.

In the spring of 1844, a lady by the name of Asenath Nicholson, sailed in the ship Brooklyn, for the purpose of visiting Ireland. It was her design to see, not the rich of Ireland, but the poor, to enter their huts, and try their hard beds, and taste their poor fare. She had no attendants, and no acquaintances, in the land to which she was destined. A novel object this, and especially for a lady. But it was accomplished, and without receiving insolence or injury, and in her book she has described what she saw. It is a sad history that she gives: a dark picture that she presents. The poor of Ireland! they are poor, poor indeed. The poor of America are rich compared with them! We doubt whether there is any work extant, which gives a better idea of Irish poverty and wretchedness, than the one before us. For touching scenes, it is equal to any romance ever written. It has enough of the tragic to move a heart of stone, and of the comic to excite the risibles of the most sedate. The book is well written, and full of intense interest; no reader will give it up till he has perused every page. It is a 12 mo. of 456 pages, well printed and bound, by Baker & Scribner, 145, Nassau St., and 45 Park Row, New York.

O. A. S.

SISTER COBB AND QUEEN VICTORIA.

By an announcement in last week's "Christian Freeman," we perceive that Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, has graciously been pleased, in a letter to Sister Cobb, to acknowledge the receipt of that paper at Buckingham Palace. Queens, it would seem, as kings, have come to be very condescending in these days. As the "Freeman" continues to come as usual, we conclude that we are still to be favored with an exchange, notwithstanding it aspires to the dignity of a Court Journal.

Foreign Correspondence.

LETTER FROM BR. BALCH.

No. IX.

LOCK-EARN-HEAD, June 6, 1848.

We arrived here at ten last night, having walked thirty miles mid rain and shine, half of it without any road, and eight of which I walked barefoot. As I said in the conclusion of my last, I never saw a lovelier spot than Balquiddee is just now. Loch Vail lies calmly and sweetly at the bottom of the glen, near the shores of which rise the green-sided hills to the height of 2000 feet. Still farther up the glen, lies the sweet little Loch Dayne, clear and pure, beyond the glen winds out of sight and is lost among the high hills about the head of Loch Lomond. It was at the head of this glen that Rob Roy McGregor lived and died. A wonderful man, of a noble but crushed spirit, who under proper circumstances would have been the pride of his nation and an honor to man, but who by wrong and oppression, was driven to acts which in the eyes of his country led to virtual out-lawry. He was buried in the grave-yard near the Kirk. A plain, coarse stone, with some images but no letters, mark the spot. Two sons of his,—one on either side—sleep beside him. One was a farmer, and rented the lands close by; the other was unfortunate and died dishonored. It is said, that some years ago, the bones of Rob Roy were stolen away.

In the same grave-yard is one of the most interesting and original tomb-stones I ever saw. It is placed over the grave of Rev. Mr. Kirk, the former minister of the parish. It reads thus:

"Isabella Campbell, spouse to Robert Kirk, minister. Died Dec. 25th 1680. She had two sons, Colin and William. Her age 25."

Stones weep, though eyes were dry,

Choicest flowers soonest die,

Their sun oft sets at noon,

Whose fruit is ripe in June,

Then tears of joy be thine,

Since death must soon resign

To God what is divine,

Nosci est, ae grotare; vivere est sae pe mori, est vivere.
(To be born is to be sick; to live is to die often; and to die is to live.) Love and Live."

The name of Mr. K. is on the bell of the Church, a small affair. He was a liberal man, for his time, and preached against the superstitions of the people. He left and went to Abefayle, where he died not long after; but for a long period the people believed he did not die, but that the witches took him.

We fell in with the school-teacher, who gave us much interesting information about this place and its religion. He is an Englishman, but has been so long a resident here, and has studied the Gaelic language so much that he is quite at home. The services all through the Highlands are carried on one half the day in English, the other in Gaelic.

This was the central post of the McAlpin and McGregor clan. It was admirably situated for security, being approachable only by the glen at the east. The Romans never succeeded in reaching these fastnesses. And the English would never have conquered them but for the feuds which arose among themselves and other clans. But it was so determined. The Highland character, like the dress, is passing away. It can never be restored. Nations rise and fall, and others rise in their place. And though the Scotsman, as such, shall pass away, the strength and vigor of his life will live among others, and he shall be found with the gathered and good.

A mile east of Balquiddee, the road meets the one from Callender, and bearing to the north east, with scarcely an apparent elevation, we pass from the waters of the Loch Vail, which

pass through Lutnaig into the Scoith to Loch Earn, and from this place the road winds through Glen Ogle, to the valley of Tay. We have found here, the most decent and comfortable Inn in the country. There is not stint nor measure in what they do. Every thing is in a neat and plentiful manner. For breakfast, without any particular instructions, we have fried trout, boiled eggs, two kinds of cold meat, &c. Generally all one gets, unless specially ordered, is a little rough piece of butter, about the size of a hickory nut, a loaf of bread, and perhaps one egg, may be two. The whole system of Inn-keeping in this country, with exceptions like this, is most miserably arranged. It is complained of, not by Americans merely, but as much by travellers here. After paying one's bill as made out, the servant and chamber-maid wait each for a shilling—2s. 6d. for each night, and Boots for a sixpence. So common is this the case, that in some hotels, servants actually pay a premium of some hundreds for their "chances." A few are getting out of this habit, in which case 2s. 6d. is added to the bill. But every thing in John Bull's realm is managed on the gruff and grab system.

Stirling, 7. We had a pleasant walk along Loch Earn to St. Fillim, by Dumfillan, where the saint used to sit in a stone, still called his cloister, and bless the people. Close by is a spring to which he gave healing properties, and which was formerly much resorted to. The saint was not so wide from the mark when he taught the people that there were healing properties in cold, pure spring water. It is feared, however, that he did not place the matter in its true light, but threw around it a mystery which begat a superstition not unlike that which prevails more generally in respect to medicines. The hills on both sides of Stroth Earn, are more bare and rugged than we have seen any where in the Highlands. The vale between has been the scene of some severe conflicts at different times, between the different clans—the Campbells and McGregors. And there was a most tremendous fight at the lower end of it, near Comrie, between the Romans, who had a camp there, and the united forces of the ———, as the Picts and Scots were then called, a very glowing account of which was given by Mr. Comrie, of the Hotel. This, like Callender, is quite a village, at another of the passes into the Highland country, where the Romans established one of their outposts. I forbear a description of the battle, as given to us upon the spot.

Being wearied, we here sought for a conveyance either to Creef or Ardoch. The only one to be found in the town, was the landlord's horse and a borrowed cart. While this was preparing, I noticed two men walking up and down in front of the Hotel, in earnest conversation. I overheard some words, and found it was the Collector of the semi-annual rents, then due. As soon as one had gone, another tipped his hat, stepped forward and conversed a few moments, and passed away. Then another. As many as five or six came thus, while I sat there. I do not know much about Anti-Rentism in America, but there is something exceedingly humiliating in the whole system of Landlordship and Tenantry. More especially when established as it is in this country. It is poor economy for one man to enrich another man's property while his own family starves. It is a species of disinterested benevolence I have never learned to admire. In this country it amounts to vassalage, to serfdom, and is the remaining curse of Feudalism. It will be very long before the nation will be rid of it. Short of a revolution it cannot well be removed.

I crossed the bridge, and went into some weaving shops, where the most known of Scotch Plaids are woven for merchants and manufacturers in Creef. The weavers told me times were very hard, and taking me for an English merchant, wanted to know the prospects. They get 7s. a piece of 25 or 40 yards,

By hard work, they can make 18s. a week, and sometimes 20. Their looms stand upon the ground in dirty rooms, but their work looked very nice.

At length the cart came on. But after we had all got in, the horse would not go without leading. It was a queer sight to see us mounted in a cart, six feet long and four wide, the body playing in every direction, with four iron pins sustaining each corner of the seat by a chain; and the horse standing still, till one of us got out and lead, and the other pushed; and when he did start, he went with a vengeance, at the top of his speed, and we clambered over the seat from the hind end, to prevent stopping him. And this manœuvre was repeated a dozen times the first mile or two. But when fairly under weigh, we jogged on quite rapidly, if not comfortably. As I said before, this was the only conveyance to be had. There is but one carriage in the town, and that was undergoing repairs.

At Ardoch we stopped and viewed the old Roman Camp, said to be in the most perfect condition of any in England. The whole plan of the fortification is distinct. It covers an area of near 1000 feet square. It was surrounded by ditches and parapets, with a Pretorium near the centre, which rises above the level of the camp. It is a square of some fifty feet on each side. From Ardoch to——— and so by the Big of Al——— to this place, is the grandest of all others.

We had a pleasant walk around under the walls of the castle, and so out to the knoll upon the north-east, where the Duke of Albany and Walter and Alexander Stuart were beheaded in 1424, and others after them, for as Sir Walter says:—

"Thou O sad and fatal mound,
That oft has heard the death-axe sound."

From here we returned to our lodgings, when a woman came into the street and sang several songs and ditties in a very good style. We threw her some pennies, and asked her to sing us "Allan Water," over which we had passed on our way this afternoon. She did good justice. But she could nae sing us a Gaelic song. To-morrow we start for Folhink, Linlithgow and Edinburgh.

W. S. B.

THE TERROR OF THE LORD.

There is no passage in the Bible that has been more frequently quoted, by a certain class of preachers, to justify their incessant declamation upon the doctrine of eternal torment, than that, which speaks of the terror of the Lord: 2 Cor. v:—"Knowing therefore the terror of the Lord, we persuade men." Such preachers, would fain have their hearers understand, that, the terror of the Lord consists in the threat of eternal vengeance upon sinners, and the great mass of hearers are kept in utter ignorance of the fact that this is a gross perversion of the text. It is in vain that we attempt to reason with such bigoted minds upon the absurdity of the notion that men can be converted through *terror*. Even those who seem to be impressed with the idea that this is not the best motive, that can be urged upon sinners, to lead them to repentance, and the obedience that springs from such a consideration is of but little worth, still insist upon it, that wrath and terror must be preached; because, they argue, that this is the way that the Apostles persuaded men, and it is right for preachers to do it now. We are free to admit, that preachers now have a right to do as the Apostles did, i. e. tell what they *know* about the "terrors of the Lord." But the fault, as we suspect, with our modern preachers is, that they tell a great deal more than they know about this matter. In proof of this, we submit for the consideration of the reader, the following remarks of Dr. Clarke, the distinguished Methodist commentator upon the passage above quoted.

"This, I think, is too harsh a translation (of the original) which should be rendered, *knowing a therefore the fear of the*

Lord; which, strange as it may at first appear, often signifies the *worship* of the Lord, or that religious reverence which we owe to him. Acts ix: 31—Rom. iii: 18; xii: 7—1 Pet. i: 17—ii: 18—iii: 2" * * * * * This is a powerful motive to *persuade* men to accept the salvation provided for them by Christ Jesus. The fear of God is the beginning of wisdom; the *terror* of God confounds and overpowers the soul. We lead men to God, through his *fear* and *love*; and with the *fear* of God, the *love* of God is ever consistent; but where the *terror* of the Lord reigns, there can neither be *fear*, *faith* nor *love*; nay, nor *hope* either. Men who vindicate their constant declamations on hell and perdition, by quoting this text, know little of its meaning; and what is worse, seem to know but little of the nature of man, and perhaps less of the spirit of the Gospel of Christ. Let them go and learn a lesson from Christ weeping over Jerusalem: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how oft would I have gathered you together, as a hen would her brood under her wings!" And another, from his last words on the cross, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!"

If the above remarks of the learned Dr. may be relied upon as correct, and we think it would be difficult to point out any fault in the reasoning or in the quotations, then it is manifest, that many preachers who profess to be very wise, about this matter, know a great deal less, than they pretend to do, of the terrors of the Lord. They have mistaken the matter entirely, and melancholy beyond expression have been the consequences of such mistakes. While a few timid souls have been driven into an outward profession of religion, without one particle of love to God; but instead of this, a continual apprehension of his vengeance, and vast multitudes have been made subject to bondage through cruel and superstitious fears, others have been driven to despair, insanity, and death. And such must continue to be the deplorable consequences, until men shall resort to the word of God instead of the vain superstitions and traditions of men, in order to know what God has declared concerning himself, and concerning their duty and destiny.

S. C. B.

BUFFALO ASSOCIATION.

CONDENSED FROM THE MAGAZINE AND ADVOCATE.

This body met at Springville, June 14th, 1848.

Received the societies in Persia, Otto and Mansfield, and the second society in Buffalo, into fellowship.

Br. Goff having removed beyond the bounds of the Association, resigned the office of Standing Clerk. Received a vote of thanks. Br. Sax appointed.

Adopted the following:

Resolved, That we earnestly recommend the formation of Sabbath-Schools, wherever practicable; and that preachers and parents be exorted to persevere, relying on God for success, always remembering, that great effects sometimes follow from small or trivial causes.

Appointed Br. Sax to preach the next occasional sermon, and Br. Smith to preach a Eucharistic sermon.

Delegates to next State Convention—G. S. Abbott and G. S. Gowdy, clerical; Geo. A. Moore, Buffalo, and W. H. Eddy, Mansfield, lay.

Adopted the following declaration, according to the recommendation of the State Convention, to be signed by the ministers of this Association: "I believe the Bible contains a special revelation from God, sufficient to make us wise unto salvation—sufficient both for faith and practice; and will I faithfully preach its doctrines, and inculcate and practice its precepts." Signed by S. R. Smith, G. S. Gowdy, G. S. Abbott, I. George, A. Rogers, S. Goff, and J. B. Sax.

CONCESSIONS AT THE GRAVE.

Let no one fail to read the article, under the above caption, on our first page. It is from the pen of Br. Abell, and its excellence, both as it respects the manner, and the matter of it, will abundantly repay a careful perusal.

REV. T. CLAPP'S VIEWS OF MAN'S FUTURE CONDITION.

There is as far as we have been able to learn, but one feeling, and that of unmingled satisfaction among all the friends of liberal christianity, at the noble stand taken by this distinguished divine and able theologian, on the subject of the immortal destiny of our race. Such were the views and feelings expressed, with very few exceptions, on the appearance of his sermon on Hell, which we published a few weeks since. A correspondent of the Trumpet, however, who seems to be very expert at "heresy hunting," saw fit to indulge in a critical notice of the discourse, which we thought at the time in very bad taste, and which we refrained from noticing for that reason. From the opinions we have heard expressed concerning it we are sure that the spirit, and sentiment of that article met with but little sympathy in any quarter. If any doubt could remain that Br. Clapp is with us in sentiment, after the very full and explicit declaration of his views, in his sermon, it surely must be removed by the following which we extract from his reply to the 'Trumpet's' correspondent. We copy from the Trumpet.

I believe that all mankind, *just and unjust*, will be raised from the dead. Prejudice in the declaration of Jesus, that the inhabitants of the resurrection-state will sin no more, suffer no more, die no more; but be like the angels of God in heaven. To me, it seems also very plain, that the New Testament writers teach us, that eternal life is a gift of the Father through Christ; that it will be bestowed upon every one of the human race irrespective of character, faith, repentance, or any meritorious works whatever. The remark has often been made in our pulpit, that it is not possible for man to involve himself in eternal perdition. Who can defeat the everlasting purposes of omnipotent love? I believe that death and the resurrection effect a great moral as well as physical change in man. Otherwise how can they, who are otherwise called saints on earth, be finally saved? For they all leave this world, with a nature and character, more or less corrupt and imperfect. Blessed be the Most High for the assurance, that for the mind of man there is no death-struggle, no shroud, no coffin, no funeral, no tomb! The grave is the place where we shall lay down our sins, corruptions, sorrows and infirmities to enter a new, nobler, immaculate and deathless existence in the eternal kingdom of our Father.

In addition, I believe, that man will enjoy a progressive existence beyond the grave. In the future state his faculties will be forever expanding; his perceptions become more clear; his judgments more correct and intuitive; his range of thought more elevated and sublime through the ceaseless ages of eternity. Every acquisition made will qualify for other and higher acquisitions; and thus he will ascend from height to height, from glory to glory, without ever reaching the limit of intellectual or moral attainments; for the Creator has fixed none.

As I read the Bible, it teaches the final salvation of all mankind in the most absolute and unequivocal language. Even admitting, that the writers of the New Testament have not directly, and formally discussed this topic, yet by numerous and indisputable allusions, they seem to me to recognize the exalting faith, that *all the human race shall, one day, be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God*. I cannot agree with Dr. Channing concerning the indefiniteness of future retribution, as taught in the Bible. He expresses the opinion, "that we are in danger of error when we attempt to gather from the language of the Scriptures, any precise views of the condition of the wicked." The mercy to be exercised hereafter—if such there be, and we hope there will be—will be revealed in due time, and we can see why the announcement of it now would not suit our present condition. Now, I must say, that, while I cherish the profoundest admiration for the character and writings of that illustrious divine, the Bible seems to me to announce in the most explicit terms the nature, conditions, and results of "*the mercy to be exercised towards sinners, both here and hereafter*." The most sublime revelation made by Jesus, is the transporting doctrines that *God loves the sinful children of men*. This love is infinite, immutable. It can never intermit, for one moment, its depth, fervor, strength and tenderness. It can never be turned into indifference or hatred. It can never change, waver, tire, or fail. It cannot be finally disappointed. It must, therefore, outlast, outlive, survive and triumph over all human guilt, and make the evils of time subservient to our future exaltation and everlasting glory! Is any thing too hard for infinite love to achieve?

DEATH OF COL. S. C. JOHNES, OF HIGHTSTOWN, N. J.

MR. BULKELEY:—I am exceedingly sorry to inform you of the sudden departure from this world, of our excellent friend and brother, named above. At the meeting of our Convention in this place but two weeks ago, he appeared to enjoy his wonted health and strength, and manifested his usually deep and warm interest in the affairs of our denomination. Some of our visiting friends tarried in his house, and were borne by him in his carriage towards their home on the day succeeding our meeting. On the following day he complained of a peculiar stiffness about the throat and jaw, attended with pain in the back. Still there seemed to be nothing alarming in his symptoms until near the close of last week, when his sufferings greatly increased and his breathing was very difficult, while it became impossible for him to swallow. Frightful spasms followed. And he lingered on in this extreme suffering, until death kindly relieved him, on Sunday night, the 30th ult., at 9 o'clock. His age was 58 years.

During the illness of our brother, he happened to state that about a fortnight before he was slightly hurt by a pitchfork above the ankle, while working in his hay-field. The startling fact was then suggested, and soon began more plainly to appear, that he had the *lockjaw*! The best medical aid that could be procured availed nothing—the terrible malady seemed unyielding—and the patient at last passed away in a violent spasm.

I need not tell you, my brother, how great is the loss that we have sustained in the death of Col. Johnes. You knew the man, and certainly you esteemed him very highly. He was one of the early, firm and efficient friends of our cause in this place, and a strong pillar in our little Church. We know not how to spare him. His constant presence at our meetings was cheering—his character was noble and excellent—and even the opposers of our faith sincerely wept over the fall of such a neighbor and friend.

The Col. was quite sensible during his whole sickness, and entirely resigned to the will of God. But two hours before his departure, he stretched forth both hands, and, drawing my ear close to his mouth, whispered as well as he could, "I thought I was gone, and am sorry to find myself back again." His mind was perfectly at rest, and he died in the full enjoyment of that blessed faith which had cheered and comforted his soul through many years of his pilgrimage here below.

The funeral, which took place on Tuesday last, was one of the largest ever witnessed in this part of the country. The whole neighborhood seemed to be present, while many persons came from a great distance; and but one feeling of heart-felt sorrow pervaded the great congregation. The discourse, judged to be appropriate to the occasion, was listened to with profound attention, and, we venture to hope, with profit.

May the blessing of Heaven rest upon the afflicted widow and children of our departed brother, and upon the cause of truth which he loved and honored.

I am, Fraternally yours,

ASHER MOORE.

Hightstown, N. J., Aug. 3. 1848.

ORCHARD STREET SABBATH SCHOOL.

The Quarterly Meeting of the Teachers of this School, was held on Sunday evening last, in the Vestry of the Orchard-street Church. The attendance was good, and the meeting one of great interest. The Secretary, Br. J. Schenck, made the report, which was well prepared and read. As we have it not before us, we cannot give the particulars in regard to the attendance of Teachers and Scholars, and the lessons and deportment of the Scholars. It is enough however to say, that the report was highly encouraging, and showed that the School was in a very prosperous condition. Speeches were made by Brs. Q. A. Skinner, M. Goodrich, Wm. Gurney and Boying.

DEATH OF BR. HENRY FITZ.

DIED, in Baltimore, July 10th, MR. HENRY FITZ, aged 63 years and six months.

Mr. Fitz was born in Newburyport, Mass., where he remained till the year 1817, when he removed to Albany. By trade he was a hatter, which he followed both in Newburyport and Albany. He resided in Albany only about two years, when he removed to this city.

He was educated in the Calvinistic faith. Having an active mind, and being fond of study and investigating religious subjects, he did not long believe in the stern and arbitrary decrees of Calvinism. The first work he read on Universalism, was Relley's Union. This did much towards enlarging his faith and preparing him for a full reception of the doctrine of God's illimitable love. The first Universalist preacher he ever heard, was Mr. Murray. He was delighted with his manner, and fully convinced by his arguments. From that time he was an open Universalist. In about a year after his removal to New York, he commenced the *Gospel Herald*, a paper which he continued for seven years. It was commenced in 1820 and closed in 1827. The paper was conducted with much ability, and was earnestly devoted to the interests of Universalism. Mr. F. wrote much for its columns, and all his articles are distinguished for directness, force and boldness.

The income of the *Herald* was not equal to its expenses, and it was published at a great sacrifice. Br. F., however, was a very persevering man, and he struggled on as long as he could. The friends rallied for his assistance, and afforded him no little help. He did the best he could, and, no doubt as well as any man could. He always thought of the good of the cause before his own good.

Besides what Mr. F. wrote for the *Herald*, he was the author of two or three pamphlets. The first which appeared was a reply to Dr. Spring's Sermon on election. This passed through several editions, and was regarded as a powerful argument against Calvinism. He also wrote a pamphlet, entitled, "An Orthodox Drama, or a Dialogue between Calvin, Hopkins and Arminius." He was also the author of a Sermon on the non-personality, origin and end, of that Old Serpent, called the Devil and Satan, which deceiveth the world." This was preached in the Prince-st. Church, and published by request of the Society. He was also the author of two large volumes of Sermons, entitled "The Layman's Legacy."

Mr. F., though he never denominated himself a minister, preached for several years, whenever an opportunity offered. Previous to the erection of the Prince-st. Church, he preached occasionally in several places. Among these were Tollerton's Academy, in Chrystie-st., the Academy in Rowe-street, and in Greenwich Village. He was also one of the prominent speakers in the public discussions which were held in a School House in Henry-st., Washington Hall and Columbian Hall. After the erection of the Prince-st. Church, he supplied the desk frequently. Though he would not accept the charge of the Society, he was always ready to preach when his services could do good.

For a while the cause seemed to flourish much through the efforts of the friends gathered in the Prince-street Church. Mr. Kneeland drew large congregations, and was popular. He at length began to advance his Infidel opinions, and thus excite the fears of his friends. They remonstrated, but he assured them that their fears were groundless. They soon, however, found that he had no faith in revelation, and was no more entitled to the Christian name than Paine. The Church therefore, was closed against him. The stand taken by Mr. Fitz, on this occasion, in defence of the Bible, was a noble one, and entitled him to the thanks of our whole people. Mr. Kneeland's rejection of the Bible was a sad blow to our cause, and one from which it did not recover for years.

The productions of Mr. Fitz are characterized by strength of thought and language. He was a clear thinker, and a very forcible writer. He was severe in his attacks upon the errors of his times, and showed no favor to the schemes by which those errors were upheld. Still he was a kind man, and had a heart of great tenderness. The severity with which he wrote, was not the effect of an overbearing disposition, or a vindictive temper. Error, in his opinion, was an evil that should receive no countenance—an evil against which men should contend with all the power they could command.

As a speaker Mr. Fitz was plain and forcible. His sermons, like his writings, were argumentative, and chiefly devoted to the Scriptural proofs in favor of Universalism.

As a man, Mr. F. was honest; as a Christian, sincere and exemplary; and as a husband and father, kind and faithful. He had the entire confidence of all who knew him. The esteem in which he was held, may be gathered from the following action of the Trustees of the Prince-street Society:

AT A MEETING OF THE TRUSTEES

Of the *First Universalist Society*, in the City of New York, held on Friday evening, April 13th, 1827, at the Library Room, No. 137 Bowery, they unanimously passed the following Resolution, (viz.)

The Trustees being always desirous to award the tribute of merit to whom merit is due, take this opportunity of expressing their approbation of their Br. HENRY FITZ, for his zeal, ability, and unceasing attention to the columns of the *Gospel Herald*, during the interesting and arduous progress of his editorial career, for seven years past: which, having required a large portion of his time and talents without an adequate remuneration, constitute him a public benefactor; and as such they deem him worthy of their thanks; and they therefore tender him the same, for the uniform correctness of his views, the dignity and impartiality of his columns, and the unabated zeal he has ever manifested in the cause of Universalism.

By order of the Board,

ASA HOLDEN, *Chairman*.

Voted, unanimously, that the above Resolution be signed by the Chairman, and that he present it to Brother HENRY FITZ, and request him to insert it in the last number of the 7th vol. of the *Gospel Herald*. J. H. GOLDSMITH, *Clerk*.

His labors in this city, for the promotion of Universalism, were untiring, and he is remembered by all who knew him, with affection and gratitude.

In the year 1840, Mr. Fitz removed to Baltimore, where he remained till his death. He died of Consumption. His sickness was long, and a part of the time, painful. He bore it however with great patience, and looked forward to his dissolution with pleasure. His faith was strong, and he delighted to talk of death and heaven. Just before he died, he was asked if his faith continued to sustain him. His reply was, that his views were unchanged, his hopes unwavering, and his peace of soul that which passeth knowledge. A more triumphant death was never known. Agreeably to his request, he was buried at sunrise. In a short time, his remains will be removed, by his son, to Greenwood, and deposited by the side of a daughter, who was buried there a few months since.

Mr. F. has left a wife, a daughter and a son. The latter is a mechanic of great talents, and is engaged in the manufacture of telescopes. Though he has been only a few years in the business, he has acquired a wide celebrity, and his instruments are regarded as among the best that are made.

THE OREGON.

Of the many floating palaces, that nightly ply up and down the Hudson, there are none that, for speed, comfort, and safety excell the magnificent Oregon. The excellence of her accommodations, joined with the obliging and gentlemanly conduct of her officers, renders this boat a universal favorite with the travelling public.

Miscellaneous Department.

Original.

CANZONET.

BY WILLIAM HUNT.

She was fair as the light, when the cloudless sun,
As seen is the blue heavens, his course to run;
But she drooped, as droops the blighted rose,
And I saw the grave o'er her beauty close.

She is gone, and I mourn as the tender dove,
When fate breaks the only link of his love;
But she rests at ease on her cold damp bed,
And minds not my grief, nor the tears that I shed.

Could my prayers have staid her parting breath,
Then I had not wept and prayed in vain;
But the last sad look that she gave me in death,
Makes my tears flow afresh, and my heart bleed again.

In the darksome night, the yew trees wave,
With their soft, low murmurs o'er her grave;
But my blighted hopes shall bloom no more,
Till they bloom on a fairer,—happier shore.

THE NEGLECTED WIFE.

BY MARY E. GILLES.

"Shall you be very late to-night?" This question was asked in a soft low voice by a very pale, but very sweet young creature, as she parted from her husband in the street.

"I do not know that I shall," he replied somewhat coldly, as replacing his segar between his lips he turned away. There was carelessness rather than unkindness in his manner, and she looked after him more in sorrow than reproach. Taking the hand of her little boy she slowly bent her steps homeward with that drooping of the head which bespeaks sadness of the heart. It was a Saturday night; she had been marketing, and her little purchases were contained in a basket which hung upon her arm. On reaching home, the very uppermost floor of a house in a poor but decent neighborhood, she roused the fire, seated Philip, her little son, beside it, gave him a piece of bread and butter for his supper, and began to busy herself in putting away the few necessities she had bought. By the time this was done, the drooping head of little Philip told her he was ready for his pillow. How tenderly was he taken to his lonely mother's lap—his pretty face washed—his bright hair brushed, and he arrayed in his snowy bed-gown. Pressed to her bosom, she warmed his little feet, her fond hand returning to them again from the fire, to which she every now and then held her open palm, then pressing the soft foot, she kissed it playfully and provoked the laughter so sweet to a mother's ear. These were Philip's first charming lessons; thus were gentleness and love awakened in his infant spirit by his capable, but uninstructed, unassisted mother. How full of meaning was his smile—how full of animation! and when kneeling in her lap, she joined his little hands, and bade him ask his Heavenly Father to bless his earthly parent, how sympathetically he caught the sweetly serious look—the calm and holy tone of his instructress. When his little prayer was said he flung his little arms about her neck and cheek; they murmured together the lulling song which concluded this little drama; for his eyes slowly closed, and the smile softly passed from his face, and then he was gently consigned to his snug and snowy bed.

So far all was sweet; would it might be said all was calm; but the aching void in Susan's heart was not calmness, it was rather a craving for that mental and social ailment which is necessary to every breast, and cannot long be healthily denied to any. The more energetic spirits seek such associations or stimulants as chance presents them; the gentler submit and suffer—often perish—in silence.

Susan put a little fuel softly on the fire, trimmed her candle, and sat down with the lonely woman's companion, her work-basket. A deep sigh stole from her bosom. Still the careless needle was plied. Now and then she paused—it was to wipe away the tears that would gather on her lashes. She was

just two and twenty, and had been four years married, during all of which time, with the brief exception of a few weeks previous to their settlement in town, she had thus been left, night after night in loneliness. Phillip Morris, her husband, was an honest, industrious man, with a hundred good qualities; sober, and solicitous of securing to his family all the comforts his means afforded, he brought his weekly earnings, with a very small reservation for some trifling indulgences for himself, to his wife, and with the utmost trust in her management and economy, left them to her disposal. But while thus trusting and liberal, he seemed to consider that he acquitted himself of all that Susan might demand of him. While he sought improvement for himself, it never occurred to him that it was her equal right—would be her equal advantage. While he sought the interchange of thought with other minds, he never reflected on the utter privation of such communion he had entailed on her. He had taken her from the home of her father, a small farmer, where her mother, a pains-taking woman, had brought up Susan and several brothers and sisters, for their station, remarkably well. Her father's heart was one overflowing with the milk of human kindness; and thus aided by the cheerful spirits of their cherished children, a moral sunshine had ever lighted up that lowly home, and given to it a thousand claims upon her love and memory. At moments, Susan would look back on the brief time that had been employed to woo her from it, as a dream; the worshipped words of love—the promises of devotion—of endeavors for her happiness—the mighty city in which she was to dwell, (which now appeared to her a maze of mud and stone, ill exchanged for the daisied fields, with their sweet breath and bright atmosphere)—had all tended to an undefinable disappointment; yet, in the ignorance of her heart she could scarcely have stated of what she had to complain. She loved her husband; she was proud of his superior abilities and made no mean estimate of his high moral character, undebased, in the slightest degree, by the gross vices, which, secluded as was her life, she could not but perceive, marked many around her, subjecting their wives to brutality and privation. Compared with such offence, she persuaded herself that Phillip's neglect was a very light and venial fault, and blaming herself for feeling it so much. But Susan was one of those flowers of humanity that would have amply repaid cultivation, and that needed the sunshine of sympathetic kindness, the art of the social atmosphere, to keep them in health and life. Daily food was scarcely more necessary for her physical nature than the interchange of thought and kindness was to her spiritual nature; all this her husband's habits, and the unsociable plans of life in England, and especially in London, denied her. It is true, except morally, she was uncultivated, but had talent and temperament that would soon have repaid a little kindly care. Too timid, too ignorant to plead her own cause, or urge her claims to him who had precluded appeal to others, she uncomplainingly lived on without change, without stimulus or excitement; shut up within the four walls of her humble home, walking unrelieved the dull unvarying round of her domestic duties, with her spirit full of capabilities unexplored and unexpanded. She grew nervous and hectic, her appetite and spirits failed, her frame wasted, while, quiet and unrepining, almost unconscious of her malady, or its cause; consumption was rapidly developed. She was deemed delicate; medical advice was sought, and medicine and care assayed, while none guessed the quick feeling that flowed beneath the quiet bearing of that subdued, decaying woman; it wore the channel through which it made its secret way, but seemed to brighten the spirit it was soon to extinguish.

Susan, after a time, felt that she was passing through the Valley of the Shadow of Death. This conviction did not depress her energies—it awakened them. She had communed with her own meek heart, lifted it to her Maker, and remembered with consolation that it said, "those also serve who only stand and wait." She struggled on, from day to day, in the performance of her duties amid many privations, the worst of all privation, that of mental development and social cheer, yet had she a conscious account in her own heart, and her sincere and unassisted endeavor had no doubt a register amid the higher achievement of more favored minds. With the certainty that she was not long for this scene, she redoubled her exertions to put her little household in order. She repaired and made clothes for her child, and she laid them away embalmed with her tears. In the same manner the needle toiled for her husband, and the savings which her frugality effected were employed to purchase him sundry little comforts.

"These will keep him warm when I am cold," she thought—he will little think that while he will forget me, for better company, 'tis true my only happiness was to remember him, and that I shall scarcely be more solitary in the grave to which

"I am going, than I have been here in the home to which he brought me."

Sometimes a little ink bottle was taken from the mantel shelf, and a sheet of paper from her little table drawer, and then, with effort, a few lines were traced, and the paper hidden carefully away, as if she had committed a crime. One night she made more endeavors of this kind than usual, and the struggling, unassisted spirit of intelligence was burning in her bright hazel eye, and glowing on her beautiful cheek, when she was startled by an unusual noise. The paper was hurried into the drawer, the ink bottle restored to the shelf, and making the candle she went out to the landing place. She beheld her husband, assisted by two men, slowly ascending the stairs. He had met with an accident; had broken his arm; it had been set—he had fainted during the operation—and with the ghastly aspect incident to such circumstances, appeared before her.

This event prostrated Philip Morris for some time, during which Susan nursed him with unremitting care. It was long before he was able to return to work, but his employers were liberal and considerate, and did not forget in his weakness the man who toiled for their advantage in his days of health and strength. But although unable to pursue his manual labors, Philip Morris soon made an effort to get abroad in search of mental occupation and social employment. He went to his club, to the Mechanics' Institute, to the coffee shops where he could find the best selected books and the newspapers. All this was well done; he nobly determined to rescue himself from becoming the mere machine of toil and drudgery for so much "trash as can be grasped thus." Alas! had he thought of her whom he promised to love and cherish till death should part them; had he considered whether she had not a soul of equal value with his own, perhaps an intellect as capable of receiving culture; and then he was twice blessed; blessed in the act and in its reaction. But selfishly devoted to his own objects of pursuit, habituated to the wan looks of his quiet wife, he failed to perceive that her cheek grew paler and her voice weaker; not that he had been insensible or indifferent to her care and anxiety during his illness; but with renovated health he returned to his old habits, and accustomed to receive sacrifices without making any, he sinned against gratitude and good feeling almost unconsciously. Gradually, Susan found herself unequal to even the daily walk with little Philip, or the effort of going up and down stairs; and then there was some talk of her returning home for a time, and trying the effects of her native air. She smiled feebly as this was spoken of, yet left it unattempted; she knew that she was going to a dearer and a better home, and often did she wish to say as much; but she was not eloquent of words, nor sufficiently strong in spirits, and after two or three fruitless attempts she desisted, and pursued, as far as she was able, the even tenor of her way.

Phillip Morris recovered his health, and was restored to work and full wages; again he talked of the country for Susan, and insisted on her trying a new doctor; he sought to tempt her appetite by such rarities as he could afford, but still he could not resign his own peculiar habits and enjoyments, and among the evils these entailed, were late hours. One night he returned home as usual about midnight. When, on opening the room door, instead of the small bright fire, the trimmed candle, and the pale, patient worker he was accustomed to behold, all was darkness and silence. He paused a moment—an indescribable sensation of cold crept over his frame; and fear, like a paralysis, invaded his heart; at length he exclaimed:—"Susan! Susan, my dear." There was no reply; he stepped farther into the room—he repeated her name yet louder—all was still. He groped his way to the fireplace—on the mantel shelf he found a box of lucifer matches—obtained a light, and lighted a candle.

He now beheld Susan, with her hand resting on the table, seated in her usual place. He approached and took her hand—O Heaven! its icy coldness! He flung himself on his knees on the floor, and looked up into her face; there was a sweet placid smile upon her lips—for a forgiving, gentle spirit had passed from them—but the eyes were fixed, and—Susan was dead—had been dead some hours. The distracted man rushed down stairs, alarming all the inmates of the house as he passed.

A medical man was soon present, and the chamber in which that young creature had almost lived and died alone, was thronged by a crowd, any one of whom, inspired by a better social system, would willingly have sustained her to a longer life, or cheered the brief time that had been allotted her. All were horror-struck; particularly when the child, awakened by the tumult, scrambled out of his little bed, and rushed for protection to his lifeless mother. Not even that voice, eloquent as it had ever been to her, could awaken her again! The surgeon declared

that her death had been sudden, and from natural causes, but it was a case which demanded an inquest.

An inquest was held. Among the evidence was a singularly affecting memorial: it was the little journal which Susan had for some time kept, like the poor dungeon-prisoner, who daily notches a stick that he may be able to number the monotonous days of his captivity. The angel of death had arrested her hand just as it had feebly traced the following words:—

"It will not be long now—my child—my poor little Philip. He who calls away your mother will care for you. Philip Morris, my husband, my dear husband, I wish you were beside me now. You have been good and kind, and generous, and I was not the wife you should have had. Be a kind father to your child when I am gone. You will—yes surely you will one day take another wife. Philip! that which you never gave to me give to her—your society, your counsel. If she has been untaught, teach her—at least, do not leave her to continual loneliness. You never knew it, and therefore cannot tell how sad the long hours—"

As the reading of this little paper proceeded, Philip Morris struck his heart, as if he sought to crush it within his breast. That heart had not been fashioned for severity or unkindness; on the contrary, much that was mild and generous mingled in its formation; but the second nature induced by habit, had encrusted his original feeling and faculties—he had grown up to regard woman as the mere machines of domestic life, with neither necessity nor capability for higher things, and which to "spirits masculine" he deemed so essential that he made much sacrifice to secure cultivation for himself.

Too late conviction dawned upon him, but it came accompanied by a contrition that attended him through the remainder of his life; and if at any moment he felt the promptings of a self-taught and isolated man (unable to compare himself with the more gifted and more endowed) is apt to do, he thought of Susan and felt humbled; he thought of her and looked around him with a desire to participate, not appropriate, the feast that has been furnished for all.—*London People's Journal.*

Youth's Department.

JAMES LUMBARD, EDITOR.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD.

Ye're gone, ye hours of childish glee,
When all around was bright and fair;
When life's young sun shone warm to me,
And nought could cloud my brow with care.

How sweetly bloomed the daisies then,
And cowslips scattered o'er each brae!
How gaily through the fields we roved,
Nor tired the live-long summer day.

Oh! still methinks 'twas sweet to roam
Through those loved fields, and walks, and braes;
And plucking wild-flowers, bring them home,
As in those bright and happy days.

Within no crowded school confined,
Where every lesson turns to toil,
Our mother was our teacher kind,
Our best reward our mother's smile.

Oh! how our books she made us love!
Our lessons all a pleasure were;
We prized them all our sports above,
Dear mother! 'neath thy tender care.

Oh, stretched upon the green grass sod,
With daisies fair so thickly spread,
That best of books, sent down from God,
Or hymns, or hallowed tales we read.

Yet shall I mourn those pleasures flown,
While nobler, sweeter joys are mine?
I o'er the fields of knowledge roam,
And there find pleasures pure, sublime.

And now, though care may cloud my brow,
Or sorrow deeply wound my heart,
I know a source whence pleasures flow,
That never, never can depart!

This yields me pleasure far above
Aught that my childhood ever gave;
To know and feel that God is love,
And look for bliss beyond the grave.

Original.

At the Bleeker st. Sunday School Excursion a prize of a Gold Medal was offered for the best Essay on the subject of Inducements to Love God. Nine Scholars contended for the Prize. Rev. O. A. Skinner, Rev. H. Lyon and Br. Ransom, were appointed umpires. After a careful examination the umpires pronounced them all very good, but decided that **LOUISA S. ROLFE**, was entitled to the Prize, she having produced the following

PRIZE ESSAY.

KIND SUPERINTENDENT:—Although I am a very little girl, some past eleven years of age, yet I have lived quite long enough to know that there are many inducements to love God. Among which are these:

1st.—Because He first loved us. It is evident He loves us, by sending his only begotten Son to save us. True we have many afflictions to undergo, but they are for our good. "He wounds to heal," and His Love is unchangeable.

2d.—Because he is good to us. He is so by pouring numberless blessings upon our heads. He sent the Bible that we might be benefited by it, for "His tender mercies are over all His works."

3d.—Because He takes care of us. He does so by giving us food to eat, and providing for all our wants; by keeping us in safety through the night, and guiding our footsteps through the dark and dangerous paths of life; and his kindness is manifest in giving us so many occasions in which to enjoy ourselves.

4th.—We are induced to love him because he thinks of little children. He thought of them when he said, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not; for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven;" and because he gives us power to "do unto others as we would that others should do unto us." He has given us power to set up Sabbath Schools, that we may learn of him, and has given us kind teachers to tell us of His love towards us.

5th.—We are induced to love him, because he gives us so many things to add to our happiness. All things come from him. Is not such a God worthy of our highest adoration and most unlimited confidence?

JULIA S. ROLFE.

New York, July 9, 1848.

From the Youth's Cabinet.

"I WON'T."

BY SIMON THOUGHTFUL.

"Come, Anne, let us go and have a swing," said Emily May to a little girl about her own age, Anne Gray by name, at whose house she was spending the afternoon.

"No, I won't," returned Anne: "I do not want to go and swing; I want to go and play with my dolls."

"Well we will," said Emily, willingly giving up her own wish to oblige Anne.

The little girls were soon busily engaged with their dolls, dressing and undressing them, holding long conversations with them, sending them to school, whipping them, and the like, as all little girls do with their dolls. Matters went on very smoothly for a few minutes, but discord was again renewed by Emily's proposal to dress up their dolls in their walking dresses and then play go to New York with them.

"No, I won't," said Anne, in a loud and disagreeable tone of voice; "I want to marry Mary and Eddy."

"Well, we will have a marriage then, if you want one," returned the sweet-tempered Emily, willing to comply with every thing Anne desired.

"We won't have a marriage either," suddenly exclaimed Anne; "we will play that our dolls are sick, and must take some medicine."

"Suppose we go down into the garden, and pick some flowers," said Emily, seemingly desirous to get rid of the quarrelling which seemed to be connected with their present amusement.

"I don't want to, and so I won't go," said the rude Anne, quite frightening poor Emily, who dared not make any further suggestions, but did whatever her imperious companion desired.

From this little scene, the reader will learn something of the temper of Anne Gray; a temper originally good, but rendered overbearing and tyrannical by the want of control; for Anne's mother had died several years before my story opens, and she had necessarily been left much to the care, or rather neglect, of servants. A few days before this time, her father had brought home another mother for his little daughter. When Mr. Gray first brought his wife to his house, he called Anne to him, that

she might come and speak to her new mama. The only answer he received was a plump, "I won't," from the naughty girl. Mr. Gray, much mortified at this exhibition of his little girl's temper, gave her a severe rebuke, which she received in sullen silence. Mrs. Gray saw that she had a difficult task before her, in conquering the temper of her step-daughter, and wisely forebore making any attempt to do so for a few days after.

For many years before her marriage, Mrs. Gray had been a teacher, and in that capacity she had taken much pains to ascertain the best method of governing different dispositions. She saw that it would be useless to attempt to govern Anne by her authority. She determined therefore to endeavor first to engage the affections of the little girl, and felt sure that then obedience and docility would follow as a matter of course.

A day or two after, Anne was busy with her dolls in one corner of the room, where Mrs. Gray was engaged in sewing. Mrs. Gray came up and stood by her a minute or two, and then praised one of her dolls, and the tasty manner in which it was dressed, and saw at once by the sudden lighting up of her eyes, and the smile upon the upturned face, that Anne was much pleased, and that her affections were to be won by mild treatment, and sympathy with her plays and occupations. Few children can resist the influence of that love which shows itself interested in all that interests them. The day passed over much more pleasantly than Mrs. Gray had dared even to hope. Several times during the day, she had asked Anne to do something for her, and the usually disobedient girl complied with an alacrity which showed that obedience was following love.

A few days passed harmoniously, when one day Anne obtained permission to invite a little friend, Emily May, to spend the afternoon with her. The manner in which they spent it, I have already recorded; and it will show that her old habits of domineering were again brought into full exercise. Mrs. Gray saw with great pain, the exhibition of ill temper on the part of her little girl, which she had no means of repressing.

By a steady perseverance in the course which she had marked out for herself, Mrs. Gray had at length the pleasure of finding Anne become habituated to restraint and willing obedience. She had now become a great favorite with all her school-companions, as she was always willing to give up her own wishes to oblige others. In fact, every body liked her, and she found it much more pleasant to give up her own inclinations occasionally, than always to insist upon having her own way.

As Mrs. Gray and Anne were sitting one day in the drawing-room, the former said:

"Anne, do you remember about a year ago, that Emily May was here to spend the afternoon with you? It was shortly after I married your father."

"Yes, ma'am," was the reply.

"Do you remember, then, how you behaved toward her?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Anne, blushing with shame at the recollection of the manner in which she had treated her little visitor.

"Were you, do you think, kind and obliging, or rude and uncivil?"

"I was very rude indeed," replied Anne.

"What was the reason you behaved so to her?" inquired Mrs. Gray.

"Because I wanted to have my own way in every thing, I suppose."

"Well then it was selfishness in you that led you to act in such a manner. You wanted every thing done just as you pleased, and was not willing that she should be indulged in a single wish. Are you any happier now than you were then?" asked Mrs. Gray.

"Yes, ma'am a great deal happier."

"The reason you are so is, that you have found that happiness does not consist in always doing just as you please, but in sometimes giving up to others. Now this morning, when I was busy in the kitchen, I expressed a wish for something up stairs, and you immediately ran and brought it to me, without my requesting you to do so. How do you suppose you would have acted a year ago in the same circumstances?"

"I suppose I should not have gone."

"If I had told you to go, what then?"

"Perhaps I should have told you that I wouldn't," was Anne's answer.

"Why is it that you act differently now from what you would then?"

"Because I love you, mama," was the reply of the little girl, as she threw her arms around her mother's neck, and kissed her.

"That is the reason, I suppose, that would induce you to do any thing for your father or me; but you are, I know, just as ready to oblige others, and give up to them, as you are to us. You have found out, I hope, that there are no more disagreeable words that little girls can use than "I won't."

MAKING AUGER-HOLES WITH A GIMLET.

"My boy, what are you doing with that gimlet?" said I to a green urchin, who was laboring away with all his might at a piece of board before him.

"Trying to make an auger-hole," was the reply, without raising his eyes.

"Precisely the business of at least two thirds of the world—making auger-holes, with a gimlet."

Here is young A. who has but just escaped from a clerk's desk behind the counter. He sports his mustaches and his pericals, carries a ratan, drinks champagne, talks big about profits of banking and shaving notes. He thinks he is really a great man, but every body around him sees that he is making auger-holes with a gimlet.

Mr. B. may be put down as a distinguished professor of the gimlet. He was a farmer. His father left him a fine farm, free from incumbrance—but he wouldn't be content. Speculation in corn and flour arose before him—fortunes were made in a twinkling; so he sold out—bought largely—dreamed of the riches of Astor and Rothschild—no more work. But at last a bubble burst. The Irish wouldn't say starved—prices fell, and now Mr. B. has found out that it is difficult to make auger-holes with a gimlet.

Miss C. is a nice, pretty girl, and might be very useful, too, if she has intelligence—but she must be the *ton*—goes to plays, lounges on sofas, keeps her bed till noon, imagines that she is a belle, disdains to labor, forgets, or tries to, that her father was a mechanic—and for what? Why, she is trying to work her way into the belief, that an auger-hole can be made with a gimlet.—*Selected.*

Secular Department.

NIAGARA SUSPENSION BRIDGE.—The first experiment of crossing the Niagara Suspension Bridge, with horses and carriages, was successfully made, on Wednesday, the 2d instant. The scene is represented as being very exciting.

A fire occurred at the Falls on the night previous, which destroyed the Table Rock House and Staircase, on the Canadian side. The conflagration is spoken of as being a most sublime and imposing spectacle. A Rochester paper, in speaking of it, says—

"Those who saw the burning of the Staircase and Table Rock House, describe the scene as one of surpassing beauty and grandeur, throwing the great cataract, the rising mist, the American Falls and the Islands, out in bold relief, whilst the river appeared like a grand rolling sheet of liquid fire."—*ibid.*

The Western Telegraph line, is now open and in operation from Dubuque, Iowa, 500 miles from St. Louis.

DREADFUL SCENES IN SANTA CRUZ.—The negroes rose *en masse* on the 5th inst., and in a body of 500 compelled Gov. Schontón to issue a proclamation, on pain of death, abolishing slavery at once—contrary to the decree of the Danish government, which required 12 years apprenticeship. The blacks, after obtaining their freedom, burned a number of plantations. A British steamship lying in port was despatched immediately to St. Johns., and brought 400 soldiers to put the blacks down. They killed about 100 of them, and took a number prisoners.

The government was immediately taken out of the hands of the governor, and a provisional government was formed by the white inhabitants to protect themselves from the blacks. The whites insist that if the slaves are freed, the government must take care of them.

BOUND TO MAKE MONEY.—The industrial and money making propensity of the Yankees exhibited itself to a degree in the Massachusetts Regiments, while encamped on the plains of Mexico. We hear that a member of Company H, who was an excellent baker, finding that good bread was a scarce article in that region, purchased some flour and went to baking. Two others commenced business with a capital of two gallons of spirits, and in a short time had netted \$300. This latter speculation does not speak highly for the temperance cause in that quarter.—*Boston Trav. ; Wednesday.*

A FLOURISHING PAPER.—The *Presse*, one of the Paris papers, the publication of which has recently been suspended by orders from the government, has 70,000 subscribers, twenty editors, twenty-five clerks, two n'y pressmen and assistants, six porters, sixty-four folders, and five-hundred carriers.

DARING ATTEMPT AT MURDER AND ROBBERY.—Between the hours of 8 and 9 o'clock Sunday evening, a German named Louis Krout, who had been for some time past in the employ of Lewis Tappan of this City, made a desperate attack upon the life of John Beahm and his wife, (also Germans.) who keep a grocery and liquor store at the corner of Adams and Johnson sts. Brooklyn. Krout, it appears, was an intimate acquaintance of Beahm. In the course of some conversation between them, some days ago, Beahm mentioned that he had \$300 in the house. Sunday evening, Krout, as was his usual custom on Sunday visited this family, and a little before 9 o'clock, asked his friend to get him a drink of water, for which he was obliged to go to the pump. While Beahm was absent, Krout asked Mrs. B. where the money was. She declined answering him, whereupon he went to the money-drawer and helped himself to the contents, amounting to about \$6, stabbed Mrs. Beahm in six or seven places with a dirk, and on the return of Mr. B. with the water, Krout stuck him on the head with a seven-pound weight, knocking him down on the floor. Beahm screamed out for help, which so alarmed the assassin that he fled and escaped until Monday morning, when he was arrested in Washington Market, by officer Higgins of Brooklyn. Mrs. Beahm is considered by the physicians to be dangerously wounded; her husband, however, it is believed, will recover from the effect of his wounds.—*Tribune.*

WEST INDIA PLANTERS SEEKING REFUGE.—The French brig *Industrie* has arrived at N. Y. with a large number of planters as passengers from Martinique, who left their plantations and their growing crops on account of the insurrection. They state they had applied to government in order to ascertain if they would be recompensed for their property, and were given no satisfaction. The blacks would have charge of the whole Island in a few days, and were massacring all they came in contact with. Government had taken no means to put them down.

DANGER OF CAMPHENE.—The store of Mr. Morrison, at the corner of Chatham and Roosevelt streets, was set on fire on Saturday evening last, by the bursting of a camphene lamp. Sergeant Pierson, of the Fourth Ward Police, and a private citizen, succeeded in extinguishing the flames before much damage had been done.

DREAMS.—Dreaming, as the precursor and accompaniment of diseases, deserves continued investigation, not because it is to be considered as a spiritual divination, but because the unconscious language often very clearly shows to those who can comprehend its meaning, the state of the patient. According to Albert, lively dreams are in general a sign of the excitement of nervous action. Soft dreams are a sign of a slight irritation of the brain; often a nervous fever, announcing the approach of favourable crisis. Frightful dreams are a sign of determination of blood to the head. Dreams about blood and red objects are signs of inflammatory conditions. Dreams about rain and water are often signs of diseased mucous membranes and dropsy. Dreams in which the patient sees any part of the body especially suffering, indicates disease of that part.—*Dr. Forbe's Winslow's Journal of Psychological Medicine.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We acknowledge with pleasure the receipt of a well filled package from Br. T. P. A. Send us that sermon by all means. There are several others, from whom we have had the promise of communications, that it would please us much to hear from at this time.

SODA AND BEER FOUNTAINS.

Fountains of superior Soda and Beer may be found at 130 Fulton st., at the store of Br. Price; at 184 Grand-st., at the Store of Dr. Evans; and at 43 Bowery and 486 Grand-st., at the Stores of Mr. Curtiss. Root Beer and pure Soda are refreshing drinks, during the hot season.

BUSINESS ITEMS.

Br. Tompkins, Credit Mrs. Blossom, No. 306 East Broadway, Two Dollars for present Volume of Repository, and charge this office.

CONN. UNIVERSALIST SABBATH SCHOOL EXCURSION.

At the meeting of the Connecticut Universalist Sabbath School Association, held in Middletown, August 25th, 1847, the following Resolution was adopted:

"Resolved, that it would, in our opinion, promote the interests of Sunday Schools, to have a Union Excursion and Pic-nic party, somewhere on Long Island, during the next Summer, at which time the Schools at Hartford, Norwich, Bridgeport, Stamford, New London, Middletown, Somers, and other places in the State, might mutually congratulate each other; and that three persons be appointed by each Congregation or Sunday School, to be a Committee of Arrangements to carry into effect this Resolution.

"Rev. L. C. Browne was appointed a Committee to correspond with the Superintendents of the various schools in relation to the proposed excursion."

"Rev. W. A. Stickney was appointed a Committee to select and prepare a suitable place for the Pic-nic to be held."

The Superintendents of the Sabbath Schools named in the above resolution, are requested to have immediate action taken upon this subject, in the Schools or Congregations with which they are respectively connected, and communicate the result (post paid) to Rev. W. A. Stickney, Middletown, Conn., that he may be able to report at the next meeting of our State S. S. Association, to be held at Stamford, on the 24th inst.

L. C. BROWNE.

Norwich, August 17, 1848.

WINDHAM AND BENNINGTON ASSOCIATION.

This body met at West Halifax Vt. on Wednesday, June 28th. 1848.

Br. H. F. Ballou, was chosen Standing Clerk.

Chose Brs. H. F. Ballou, Willis, and Moore, Committee on Fellowship and Ordination.

Brs. O. Warren, J. S. Lee, and Asa Doty, committee on discipline.

The following resolution was offered by Br. Willis, and after some discussion was adopted.

Resolved, That we feel confident we possess the true apostolic doctrine, we therefore feel it to be our duty, and privilege, to adopt the apostolic usages, by establishing churches in all our societies, where it is agreeable with the judgment and wishes of such society.

Voted to adjourn to meet at Fayetteville, Newfane, on the last Wednesday and following Thursday in June 1849.

RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

Br. T. Elliott will preach in Weston, Ct., on the third Sunday in August, in the School House near Esquire Buckley's, and in Stepney at 5 o'clock in the evening.

Br. J. H. Campbell, of Cleveland, will preach in Hudson, next Sunday.

Br. Bulkeley will preach in Blauveltville the third Sunday in August, (20th) and at Piermont in the evening.

UNION ASSOCIATION.

The Union Association of Universalists will meet in Annual Session at Reading, on the third Wednesday, the 16th of August.

L. BUNCE, Standing Clerk.

N. Y. ASSOCIATION.

This body adjourned to meet on Wednesday, October 11th, at such place as may be designated by the Standing Clerk. Any friends desirous of having the Association meet with them, will please address the subscriber.

THOS. B. THAYER, Standing Clerk.

Brooklyn, August 7, 1848.

DANBURY, CT., S. S. EXCURSION.

The Sunday School connected with the Universalist Society of Danbury, will make a Pic-nic Excursion on Wednesday the 16th inst., to a beautiful grove in Bethel, near Br. J. I. Andrews' dwelling. The School is yet in its infancy, but it is hoped that those who have engaged in it, will be cheered by numerous assembly, to enjoy, unitedly, the pleasures of the occasion. Provision will be made for the entertainment of all who may come.

Come friends, one and all, and let us have a happy gathering.

The School will be on the ground at ten o'clock. Should the weather prove unfavorable, it will take place the first fair day.

UNION ASSOCIATION.

The Union Association will hold its next annual meeting at CAPOOTVILLE, on the third Wednesday and following Thursday (16th and 17th) of August. A committee was appointed at the last session, to take into consideration the subject of dividing the Association; and their report will be made at the next meeting. Brethren from all parts of the Association, interested in that measure, or in the general prosperity of the cause, are urgently requested to attend. Let us have a full representation.

R. O. WILLIAMS, Standing Clerk.

CONNECTICUT UNIVERSALIST SABBATH S. ASSOCIATION

The annual meeting of this Association, will be held at Stamford on the fourth Wednesday in August next. An address may be expected from the Rev. S. S. Fletcher. The Superintendents of the various schools in this State, are earnestly requested to present full reports of the condition and progress of their schools.

O. UTLEY, Secretary.

The Trumpet will please copy.

Middletown, July 17, 1848.

CONNECTICUT CONVENTION OF UNIVERSALISTS.

The 'Connecticut Convention of Universalists,' will hold its annual session at Stamford, on the fourth Wednesday and following Thursday in August, 23d and 24th instant. The Council will be organized in the Church at 9 o'clock, A. M. The occasional Sermon will be delivered by Br. L. C. Browne.

DELEGATES—Hartford Association, T. P. Abell, A. L. Loveland, J. J. Twiss, (clerical); J. B. Clark, Poquonock. O. Utley, Middletown, J. S. Rice, Hartford, Truman Allen, Granby, Wheelock Thayer, Winstead, J. B. Carpenter, Berlin, (lay.)

Quinnebaug Association, T. Borden 2d., T. J. Greenwood, D. P. Livermore, (clerical); Wm. Kelly, Chas. Tracy, Norwich, M. B. Harvey, Stafford, D. A. Redfield, New London, J. Clarke, Lebanon, A. Smith, Bolton, (lay.)

Southern Association, S. S. Fletcher, G. Glover, T. Elliot, (clerical); I. Ambler, Danbury, D. J. Northrop, Newtown, H. Dikeman, Stratford, S. H. Keeler, Westport, J. C. Peck, Bridgeport, B. J. Dashman, Stamford, (lay.)

Per order,

W. A. STICKNEY, Stand. Clerk.

MARRIED.

By Rev. O. A. Skinner, July 30th, JOHN T. THORP to SUSAN JANE GOODMAN.

By the same, same day, JOSEPH MARCHANT to JULIAN MACFARLAN, both of Boston.

In Ridgefield, Ct., on the 31st ult., by Rev. S. J. Hillyer, Capt. BURR SCOTT, and Miss LAURA ANN JUNE, daughter of Mr. Lewis June, of that place.

DIED.

In this city, July 30th, Mr. JOHN G. CLINCH, aged 84.

Mr. C. was a worthy man, and had the esteem of all who knew him. He was for many years an attendant on the ministry of Father Mitchell, and died as he had lived in the faith of God's impartial grace.

In this city, August 4th, Mr. JAMES W. FOLKE, aged 30.

Mr. F. has left a wife and one child to mourn his loss. He was a devoted husband, a kind father and an excellent man. His death is a most severe affliction to his excellent companion, and a great loss to his child.